

# L E T T E R S

BETWEEN

## T W O L O V E R S

AND

## THEIR FRIENDS.

BY THE

## AUTHOR OF LETTERS

Supposed to have been written by YORICK  
and ELIZA.

*Un Amour vrai, sans feinte & sans caprice,  
Est, en effet, le plus grand frein du vice ;—  
Dans ses liens qui scait se reténir,  
Est honnête homme, ou va le devenir.*

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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M D C C L X X X I.

LETTER

*(continued)*

REF ID: A61853

AUTHOR OF LETTERS

Supposed to have been written by Yeats

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# L E T T E R S. &c.

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*To Miss Delaunois.*

*Chelsea.—*

*My dear Maria.*

**W**E have been to pass some days at Epsom, and I found your letter on my return, which my Mamma says, ought to be written in letters of gold. Oh! how I want you here to advise and comfort me! Would you believe it, who should be at Epsom assembly but my neighbour Miss Flirty? By some chance or other, she had got a title to dance with her, and this circumstance so elevated the lady, that she did not only mortify me with her civilites every moment, but has also written home that I

I walked about the assembly-room quite forlorn without a partner, and was not favoured with the least notice but such as she afforded me. Now, I really danced all the evening, and, I believe, received more respect than she; but as it was not unusual with me, I was not quite so elevated by it. However, I will be revenged of her, and I only want somebody to enter into the plot with me to make my resentment very disagreeable to the lady.—Her notice! I should be very low indeed, if I wanted protection from the niece of a man who keeps a mad-house. I am resolved never to meet her again, even if it should be at church, without returning the mortification. You cannot conceive how insulting her civility was to me: she pretended to admire my bracelets; said they were charming; then asked her partner, "Don't you think they are very pretty, Sir William?" and bursting into a loud laugh, led her knight away.—Do not delay answering me for a moment, but give me your advice, and meditate how I may be revenged effectually on this noisy fool.

Having given some small vent to my anger, I am become qualified to make an observation or two upon your letter. It is a little romantic, my dear Maria; but I do not doubt your good sense, and, however imprudent, your resolutions were serious at the time you made them. To love and honour

nour parents is a very essential and necessary duty; but I think it is somewhere written in the Bible, that a woman should leave father and mother, and every species of relation, for the sake of an husband: and I think, if this most amiable Mr. Cosens were to offer himself in that character, you would begin to fancy there are such things as rash vows, and that the folly consists in keeping, and not in breaking them.—Adieu! and do not delay a post, to advise me about the saucy Flirty.—I am yours most sincerely,

*Caroline Barker.*

*To Miss Barker.*

*Bath.—*

**I**T is not half an hour, my dearest Caroline, since I received your letter; and I am already at my table to give you a plan of revenge, against your insulting neighbour, which will be effectual in itself, and honourable to you; and this is, to forgive her.—Don't start, my friend: there is no other way of proceeding to give the lie

to

to any falsehoods she may have propagated against you. To pursue the threats of your letter, would be to follow her example, which you ought to avoid above all things. As to the employment of her uncle, it brings no disgrace to her or to him.

It is disagreeable, but not disgraceful, if he conducts himself with the humanity he is reported to do. Human frailty has made such professions necessary; and, if the persons engaged in them, discharge their duty with fidelity and kindness, they are greatly to be respected, for thus exercising a character which generally hardens the heart, and where, I have been told, there are no small temptations of gain. But after all, what is the mighty injury done? A story is told which no body will believe. That you might be without a partner at a public dance, though rather improbable, is not impossible; but that you should be totally unnoticed, must be a barefaced falsehood, which will not be believed even by those whose envy may lead them to propagate it. Have a better opinion of yourself than to suppose, that your real importance can be hurt by not dancing at an assembly. All your resentment and menaces are beneath you; and, if, *par hazard*, Miss Flirty should not be the guilty person, how strange will your conduct appear! But, even allowing her to be the author of this little scandal, treat her with your ordinary civility, by  
which



which you will run no risque, if this terrible report should not have proceeded from her quarter; and, if it should, you will mortify her in the greatest degree by appearing either ignorant of or superior to it. Indeed, if a grain of anger was admissible upon the occasion, it should fall upon that idle, forward, officious person, to say no worse, who was tale-bearer upon the occasion. Read this last sentence again.

For my part, much as I love you, I shall be well contented, if I never hear the tongue of envy more busy about you, than it has been in the present cause of your displeasure. By this time, I doubt not your little volatile passion has flown off; and has given place to that good sense which will never fail to direct you aright, when you think proper to consult it.

As you asked my advice, I have given it to you at large; but I fear your anger will be turned from Chelsea to Bath, if I do not say something of my friend Mr. Cofens, and I have a little affair at hand which will give me pleasure in relating.—You must then know, that a man in the low capacity of a London porter, was informed by the physician, that there was no remedy for his sick wife; whom he tenderly loved, but the Bath Waters. To the generality of men in his situation this declaration would have been as the warrant of death; and his poor Jenny must have bent beneath it. But this  
man



man, though low in degree, was in respect to heart, of a very superior order; and he did not hesitate a moment in making a couch upon his wheel-barrow whereon he placed his sick wife, and he himself wheeled her down to Bath in less than a week. When he arrived, the difficulty of getting into the hospital was no inconsiderable one; and, for this purpose, he applied to our apothecary, who has the character of being an humane man. He related the story to us, and Mr. Cofens calling in the evening, we repeated it to him. He said little at the time: but the next morning, he saw the sick woman conducted to the hospital, and, having given the husband five guineas, bid him apply to him for more when that was expended. But this is not all, he persuaded his aunt to propose a subscription among her acquaintance to reward this singular instance of conjugal affection. This lady has undertaken the business, and, if the poor woman recovers, this faithful couple will be preserved from distress during the rest of their lives.

Amid all your resentments and vivacities, you know my dear Caroline, how to feel such an action, and to give it the full applause of your heart; and having brought it, by this little relation, to a right frame, I shall conclude with assuring you, that there are few things in this world worth a quarrel; that to forgive is one of the noblest faculties

culties of the human mind : and that the returning good for evil raises human nature to the highest state of exaltation. That you may attain it is the most sincere wish of

*Maria Delaunois.*

*To Miss Delaunois.*

*Harbury Lodge.*

**I** S E I Z E on the first moment of repose from a very tedious and fatiguing journey, to tell you that I am more than an hundred and fifty miles distant from you. —Gracious Heaven! how full of caprice, and what self-tormentors are the creatures thou hast made! or wherefore, at the beginning of a letter which I rose before day to write, and to sanctify the morning with the thoughts of it, should an idea occur which will throw a gloom over every part of it? It only proves what is the prevailing subject of my heart; and the full, unfulfilled welcome of my friends has not been able to banish it for a moment. How joyful is the scene around me; and the only person who falls short in it, is he who seems to inspire it.

I do not know if you are acquainted with the rustic meriment of the Christmas season, in the hospitable halls of country gentlemen.

tlemen. The poets and moralists speak of rural life but in the more pleasant and interesting scenes of the year. The spring, the summer, and the autumn, are the general subjects of praise. Winter seems to chill the pen of description,—but in painting the horrors of it; nevertheless, I believe that rural life has more enjoyments at that season, than at any other. the preparations which are making in this family for the usual festivity, are such as frighten me from an attempt to describe them. I shall only tell you that there are, at least, five hundred hearts delighted with the expectation of it, will experience the pleasures of it, and possess a subject for agreeable reflection through the rest of the year.

Old Mr. Huddleston has not been in London for near thirty years, and is entirely attached to country amusements; but having received a very polished education, he has the manners, conversation, and knowledge of a gentleman; and, if sporting phrases did not now and then force themselves into his language, on certain occasions, he might be supposed not to have left the track of life in which he was first initiated. His Lady is well bred, easy, and amiable; and the young 'Squire is exactly what I suppose his father to have been before he went upon his travels,—goodnatured, lively, shrewd, and riotous. One of the old gentleman's subjects for lamentation

tation (and he contrives every day some how or other to introduce it) is the decrease of country hospitality; from which he fancifully deduces, though not without a considerable mixture of good sense, the encrease of luxury and vice, the ruin of individuals, and, in the end, the final downfall of the state.

He told me yesterday, with tears in his eyes, that, when he first came to reside at Huddleston, there were nine country gentlemen, within as many miles of him, whose families formed the most agreeable society in the world. "I always thought," continued he, "that hospitality was the principle virtue of a country life, and I was resolved to keep it up beneath my roof. My father died," added he, "when I was young, and I had been so engaged in my education, travels, and the amusements of a town life, as to have seldom visited the seat of my ancestors; but when I came to settle here, after my marriage, my first orders to the old steward of the family were, to let the lodge keep up its character. This he effectually did, and my neighbours and friends used to lament that it would be impossible for my estate, as I went on, to hold it out above seven or eight years. But hospitality," continued the old gentleman, raising his voice, "is not a tythe so expensive as a town life; and, in spite of all their prophecies, I have not only preserved the  
old



old family reputation, but have contrived to purchase four of the neighbouring estates, to have mortgages upon some others, to be respected in the country, and to have been offered to represent it: but I hate a town life, which has ruined all my neighbours; for at present I have but two left, who, though much younger than myself, can scarce venture on horseback, but to ride a little in their parks on a sunny day, while there is not a gate in the country will stop me from following the dogs; and I eat, drink, and sleep, as well as ever I did in my life."— Having given you this trait of a character, to which you may not have been accustomed, I shall, perhaps, amuse you with relating the boasted hospitality of his house at this season.

The day after Christmas-day, the ceremonies commence with a dinner in the great hall, to about one third of the tenants and their families; though they are all, in general, admitted in the afternoon to dancing, and other interludes, for which a large barn is purposely and conveniently prepared. This year a puppet-show is to be exhibited, three times every evening, and the company dance, play at different games, and go to the entertainment alternately. The second day, another division dines; and the same on the third: but the evening amusement are general throughout. The fourth day all is rest; the fifth there is



a public hunt; the sixth, the servants of the family have their day of festivity, which is passed by the 'Squire, &c. at the vicarage. During the remainder of the holidays, the principle farmers give their landlord an evening's entertainment, which, from the heartiness, respect, sincerity, and honest pride of it, pleased me more than all the rest, I should not, indeed, forget to mention, that, in all this scene of festivity, there is very seldom an example of intemperance or rudeness; and the poor, who cannot be admitted to partake of the feast, find a bounteous plenty in the remains of it.

I know it will do your excellent heart good to have this pleasing picture before you; and it would enrapture mine to have you present at it. It is a delightful reflection to an humane mind, that they who, throughout the year, live by the labour of their hand and the sweat of their brow, should have a season for mirth and gaiety; —though the reflection becomes, in some degree, more serious, when we see these children of toil throw more real joy into their short-lived recreations, than the powerful, the rich, and the great, can find in whole years of ease, plenty, and prosperity.

In a few days the surrounding villages will be awakened into joy; and, perhaps, in my next letter, I shall amuse you with some  
further

further account of the approaching festivity. I thought to have written far otherwise; but chance, perhaps your kind stars, turned my pen from yourself, that this paper might afford you a more pleasing subject than the discontent of your most obliged and sincere humble servant,

*Jonathan Cosens.*

*To Sir George Cosens.*

*Dublin.*

*Honoured Sir,*

**I**N obedience to your commands, I do myself the pleasure of writing to you from this place, where I have been some days. On my first interview with Mr. Williams he was much affected but has recovered by degrees, and now begins to converse on other subjects besides the melancholy history of his son. He is still robust and hearty; and though he is certainly not without sensibility, his nerves are so strung as to resist the storms of life. Perhaps it is a certain pride which sustains him, as he has not yet acknowledged any part of his conduct to be erroneous. If he had been so fortunate, he says, as to have known Leonora's merit, he should at present have been happy; but as things were

were circumstanced at that time, notwithstanding the fatal consequences, he is satisfied with having acted right. The letter he received from Leonora drew tears from him, but they were the only ones I have ever seen him shed. His conduct to me has been generous indeed: he has granted me an annuity of three hundred pounds a year for my life; reimbursed all the expences of my little voyages, and presented me with a large purse of guineas which I have not yet examined; with a particular charge to apply to him in any future wants or emergencies. He did not desire me to remain in Ireland, as I expected, but recommended me to accept of your kind invitation, as the greatest good fortune that could befall me.

From an hint suggested by Leonora's letter, he is desirous, if possible, of having a monument erected to his sons memory at Carlton, or to have his remains removed to Ireland; and he desires me to mention it to you. He begs me also to add, that he formerly had the honour of your acquaintance, and was in the boat with you upon the river Seine, near Rouen, when it was overfet.—As I shall not stay long enough to receive an answer from you, I must beg the favour of you to write to Mr. Williams, relative to the foregoing request. I beg my most sincere respects to the

the family of Bath, and am, your most obliged and faithful humble servant,

*W. Freeman.*

*To Miss Delaunoy.*

*Chelsea—*

I KNOW that you are superior to me in every-thing; and I never receive a letter from you, but I feel the superiority. You are right, my dear Maria, and I am wrong; nevertheless, so perverse is your poor friend, that, with truth and propriety staring her in the face, and your letter upon the table before her, she has a violent disposition to flout and sneer a little. There is a certain imp within me that I know not how to conquer, and if you could instruct me in that happy art, I would love you if possible, better than ever. But I must change my subject, or I shall have another lecture from you.

Would you believe it, my dear Maria, that, in spite of all the sentiment which belongs to your story, the single circumstance of the wheel-barrow has made me die with laughter every time I thought of it. This is all folly, I acknowledge; and if he had put her into a cart, or taken her behind him on horseback, or upon his own back



back, I should have been tenderly affected; but of all the machines in the world a wheel-barrow so pleases my fancy, that I have been very near hysterics more than once. But believe me, my laughter does not counteract my humanity, and, however I may indulge it, I feel as much as other people at the story; and, I doubt not, however it may have affected you and your sentimental Mr. Cofens, that it has called forth smiles upon more faces than one. Nay, if you will desire this man to call at our gate on his return, you shall see if I do not know how to reward him. You will say that all this is mere curiosity to see a man who wheeled his wife an hundred miles in a wheel-barrow:—if so, I shall pay for it, and that is sufficient for you. —Pray tell me if you have made any more pious resolutions. Ah! my dear Maria, I shall have the laugh against you one of these days; I shall indeed: and may the time be near at hand, when in this particular, you may feel a moment's confusion from the raillery of your affectionate.

*Caroline Barker.*



*To Jonathan Cofens, Esq.*

*Bath—*

**I** THANK you, Sir, for your letter on every account: it gave us great pleasure to hear of your safe arrival at the end of your journey; and your kindness in appearing to remember with pleasure our evening parties is very flattering. I am so charmed with your old, hospitable 'squire, that I hope to hear more of him; and I could almost envy you the pleasure of your Christmas gambols.

You must know, I have lived very little in the country, and am not much acquainted with the customs and manners of rural life either in the higher or lower classes of it, but as I have read of them in books, or heard them repeated in occasional conversations. We have, almost always lived in London, or the immediate neighbourhood of it, where ideas of this kind are not to be collected but from the information of others. However, I am not altogether ignorant of the matter, as we have passed part of three summers in the country; one at Weymouth, and the others in the isle of Thanet, near Margate. Our little house belonged to a capital farmer, and joined to his own; so

that

that all his business was transacted before our windows. I have been present at one sheep-shearing, and two harvest homes, and danced at them all. I tied up the shepherds posies, and made favours for the hats of the shearers. Nay, I had a lamb of my own, that used to lie at my feet, feed from my hand, and then lick it out of gratitude. I have sat upon the sheaf at early morn, and late at evening hour, and watched the toil of the reaper——But I am a stranger to the holiday joys of rural life: the temporary feasts of harvest are all I have seen, when Labour only wears the crown of flowers till it fades.

I do not know whether you have ever been in that part of Kent to which I allude; but a more charming spot surely is not to be found. It possesses all the richness of cultivation, with those gentle, waving inequalities of surface, which are seldom seen but where art and taste have combined to make them, and has more than half its circumference washed by the sea. To behold the beauties of harvest and the magnificence of the ocean blended together,—to see at one moment the waggon laden with corn, and the ship laden with merchandise, the one hastening to the barn, and the other to its haven, is, perhaps, as delightful an exercise to the eye as inanimate Nature can give it. If you have never been there, and my poor description should awaken your

curiosity to pay it a visit, I am sure you will thank me.

I regret that we shall not be there this summer, though I use a word I do not mean: for, if my Mamma should be advised sea-bathing, she must apply to the nearest coast; and where her ease and convenience is to be found, I am ever the most happy: for tho' temporary objects may give me a temporary pleasure, the great object of my thoughts and attentions is that excellent parent whose couch I will never leave till she is borne from it to her grave.

I am, in a particular manner, to thank you for the acquaintance of Mr. Morgan and his family. He really answers your description, and his daughter is just what I wished her to be. She is a valuable acquisition to me, and my Mamma is greatly comforted by Mr. Morgan's obliging promise, as she is seldom able to go to church, to read prayers occasionally to her. Thus, Sir, whether present or absent, you are administering good to us, like a guardian angel, who, though invisible, protects his charge from evil, and showers down unknown favours upon them.—Our most respectful compliments attend you; and to hear of your health and happiness, will, at all times, be a very pleasing circumstance to, your most obliged, humble servant,

*Maria Delaunoy.*

To

*To Archibald Williams, Esq.*

*Bath—*

*My dear Sir,*

**I**T gives me great concern, that, after so long an interval of acquaintance, it should be renewed upon such an unpleasing occasion. I really owe you much, and stand indebted to you for a life, which, altogether, has been and continues to be a very happy one. On my return to England from my travels, I made immediate enquiry after you, and, from undoubted authority, as I thought, was informed that you were dead. Indeed, I was so convinced of it, that, though I continually reflected on the circumstance which endeared your memory to me, it never occurred to make an enquiry, whether, as you bore the name, you were at all connected with my former friend. Perhaps, the turning my mind as much as possible, from an event which I should be glad to pass over in silence, might prevent it.

Indeed, I cannot but, at present, consider myself as very unfortunate in having no other commands to execute for you, but such as are affecting to every-one concerned in them. It would, I think, be highly imprudent



imprudent to erect a monument to the memory of Mr. Williams, in the place where he died; but if you wish to have his remains removed to Ireland, it may be very easily done, as my nephew had the precaution to order them to be enclosed in a leaden coffin. If this should be your pleasure, it shall be done in the best manner possible. —I am very glad to hear, by Mr. Freeman, that you enjoy a good state of health, the continuance of which I most sincerely wish you. In expectation of your commands, I remain your sincere friend and obliged humble servant.

*George Cosens.*

*To Miss Delaunois.*

*Harbury Lodge.*

**Y**OUR elegant epistle finds me in that health its writer so kindly wishes me, but not quite in that state of happiness which would satisfy her benevolence. The jollity of the place however suitable to the persons engaged in it, is rather too boisterous for me, though it is neither polluted with indecency, nor disgraced by intemperance. If my visit had not interrupted my Bath satisfactions, it would have been a very pleasant one: it was *mal à propos*, and  
I wish



I wish myself back again, in spite of the kindness, attention, and respect, which is lavished upon me by every body.

The entertainments have been exact to my description, only the first night the 'Squire and Mrs. Huddleston began the dance, as usual. I followed with a bouncing farmer's daughter; and the young 'Squire came next, with another of the same make and complexion. This compliment being paid, the company were left to pursue their amusement at their ease.

O heavens! why are you not to be in Kent this summer? that I might pay you a visit in your village, and see your lamb at your feet, and lay me down by the side of it. What a picture!—but did it not die when you left it behind? and thus preserve itself from the sacrilegious knife of the Butcher.—By the bye, I saved a young hare from the jaws of destruction, and, having been its preserver, I took it into my head, I should rather say into my heart, to be also its protector; and, as if it were sensible of my services, the little creature is become tame and feeds out of my hand. Should you be fond of such an animal? Tell me so, and it shall accompany me to Bath to call you mistress. By such an act, I shall make full amends for having assisted in destroying so many of its species.

Hunting turns out to be a very animating exercise: I pursue it with no small pleasure,

and shall, I believe, institute something of an hunting equipage at Carlton. The delirium of it is charming, and the returning home to blazing fires, a plentiful board, and a chearful company, adds not a little to the delights of it. You and your harpsichord would be an inexpressible addition to our evenings, and, I believe, would supersede all the rest.—But I must have done! The hounds and horns call me away!—This is a strange adieu; and with this letter my interval of reason concludes. In another hour, I shall be animated by the tumults and cry of the dogs and the hunters. But whether I skirt the hill, or sink the vale, I shall think of you.—In the language of the poet,

Amid the chace on every plain,  
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

J. C.

*To Jonathan Cosens, Esq.*

*Bath.*

**I**T is true I am beginning my letter in a very interested manner; but I should be charmed with the hare, if it were possible to bring it such a long journey without greatly incommoding you,—and it shall be  
a companion

a companion to my turtles. The lamb, in whose fate you interest yourself so tenderly, lost his innocence, and grew so wicked that he was sent to join the flock and share the fate of it. I have a scruple in confining animals against their nature; but when they have been rendered incapable of supporting themselves, and possess that tameness which makes them contented in their cage, I am disposed to be attached to them; and I flatter myself, if the little hare arrives safe, that he will find himself happy in my care.

While you are in the midst of joke, gambol, and merriment, I am not without my pastimes. I have my dependents also: you will wonder, perhaps, who they can be?—They are a large congregation of robins whom the hard weather has driven from the neighbouring gardens into ours, where they find food in plenty, which I scatter for them every morning. I have also ordered the summer-house door to be left open; and I hope the poor little confidential birds will avail themselves of the shelter.

Exercise, and the free air of the hills have, I hope protected you from the contagious cold which is so universal here, that scarce a person has escaped it but ourselves.—Believe me, I should be well pleased to accompany, with my music, the social chorus of the hunters, and to hear them sing the glories of the day. It is true, that a great many tender things may be said about the cru-

elty and unmanliness of driving a poor little flying animal to destruction; but I think, in nature, there is nothing more animating than the cry of hounds. When we were at Weymouth, I have frequently heard them both near me and at a distance: nay, once, the whole chace passed within a few yards of me; and I felt, at the time, no small particle of that delirium which the eager sportsman enjoys.

I was about to conclude, when, casting my eye upon the date of my letter, I proceed to add a very sincere and honest wish, that the year which will be commenced ere this page is opened before you, may be productive of all the happiness you deserve; and that every succeeding year of your life may confirm and encrease it!——I am your most obliged, humble servant,

M. D——.



*To Miss Barker.*

*Bath—*

*My dear Caroline,*

**M**AY the votive offering of the year attend you through every part of it! Oh! may it not stop there, but encrease with your encreasing years; and when your early age is past may your future wisdom assume the charms of your present beauty, and make you as lovely in age as you are in youth!—These are the wishes of your fond and faithful friend.

I am not disappointed at the manner in which you treat my resolutions: it is something, however, to make them. You thought, I suppose, that your text of Scripture would entirely silence me: but you have given a wrong, and rather a wanton interpretation; for the command of entire conjugal attachment and duty, presupposes the having a husband already; and this very circumstance authorises my resolutions, as it proves the superiority of conjugal to those of filial duties.—As I am determined to continue in the exercise of the latter, I shall not enter into engagements which would interfere with them.

If you laugh at me and my anecdotes, as you have done at the last, I shall not easily forgive you. However you may despise the idea, the poor faithful husband, with his wife and his wheel-barrow, deserves more respect than many a great man with his numerous retinue. I think the ladies ought to subscribe, and have his statue erected in some public square, as an example to all husbands. When you marry, my dear Caroline, may you find an equal fidelity and affection in the partner of your joys and sorrows!

The world here is afflicted with an epidemical cough: I hope you and yours have escaped it. Pleasure is arrested in her progress, and sinks beneath the contagion. Mr. Cosens is gone into Nottinghamshire to hunt, so that I have no interesting amusement for you from that quarter.

By this time I trust, with the assistance of the cold weather, that your resentments are chilled at least, if not forgotten. I beg my dear girl not to accustom herself to have them; they are very bad companions, and, if once encouraged, will mingle themselves in all your feelings, and burst forth upon trifles which are beneath the notice of children. Promote rather every-thing that is friendly and peaceable: pity misfortune, forgive injuries, enjoy virtue, and be happy.—Farewell! I hope your fire burns with the same chearful blaze as mine. It is  
a comfort

a comfort to have something that will smile warmth upon one, when the world looks wintry, and the cutting blast is upon the hill.—Once more, adieu!—In the cold fits of life, you will ever know where to find a friendly warmth in the affection of your most sincere

*Maria Delaunoi.*

*To Jonathan Cofens, Esq.*

*Bath—*

**I**F you have not already broke your neck, this letter will find you, I hope, alive and well: if it should have happened otherwise, as Mrs. Rowe is no more, and I have not the art of writing letters to the dead, my trouble will be thrown away. However, as the business is begun, I may as well go on with it.

By this time, I suppose, you are a perfect Nimrod, and that my wild-goose of a Godson has persuaded you to be a sportsman; but I must desire you not to think of bringing a noisy, yelling pack of dogs, to disturb our peace, and spoil the farmers hedges, as used to be the case when poor Costard was alive, who, with half-a-dozen

curs

curs and a lame horse, or two, used to disturb the whole country; and this he called hunting. He was an honest poor humdrum; but, God rest his soul! he is dead; and, as my brother was fond of him, I shall say no more. Indeed, he is fond of other people who merit it no more than poor Costard: but Heaven bless him! he is always finding out some unaccountable None-such to govern and lead him astray. I suppose wicked George has made you believe that ours is a fine sporting country. If he says so, he is a blockhead; and, if you believe him, you are worse; as no part of the kingdom can deserve such a character where immediate assistance is not to be had in case of a misfortune. With the rest of your hunting apparatus, if you should have it, I beg you will provide a surgeon to set broken bones; for if an accident should happen to any of the poor people, you know very well that I do not trouble myself about you, there is not a bone-setter to be had within twenty miles of us. I desire you will take these things into your consideration, and not endanger my peace with the apprehensions of broken arms, legs, and necks.

Now you are at a distance, you will be so good, my dear Sir, as to remain there. All our world is disordered; your uncle is not quite well; and I have this new-fangled malady to such a degree, that I cannot  
make



make any-one hear me, or even hear myself. I beseech you, therefore, not to return to mortify me with your florid cheeks, and your loud voice; and to put every-body you meet out of countenance with your vulgar health. I suppose your tone is raised three degrees, by conversing with old Huddleston: if so, in keeping pace with you at present, which I certainly would do, I might break a blood vessel. Keep away, therefore, or you will certainly occasion the death of your affectionate aunt,

*Catharine Cosens.*

*To Miss Delaunois.*

*Harbury Lodge.*

**T**HOUGH I propose to leave this place to morrow, and shall be at Bath almost as soon as the letter which I am writing, it is impossible for me to withstand the impulse of thanking you for your votive compliments of the season, and to return them with a warmth which is inexpressible. At the same time I cannot but express my happiness, that the prevailing cold has spared you, and, like the destroying angel, while he smote the Egyptians, passed over the favoured of Heaven.

In

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In the hurry of concluding my last letter, I was prevented from expressing my satisfaction that you find Mr. Morgan what I described him to be. He is a man of real learning, a fine taste, and an excellent heart. An honest, conscientious man of much inferior talents and erudition might fill his present employment with equal utility: I shall think it no sin, therefore, to take the first opportunity of snatching him from thence. My uncle has a living of very considerable value in his neighbourhood, the incumbent of which is on the brink of the grave. This preferment will be presented to Mr. Morgan, who will, thereby, have his income encreased, and his time in a great measure his own,—while we, in return, shall find in him an excellent neighbour and friend. But this design of mine is a secret to him, and I must beg the favour of you to let it remain such till I carry him the presentation in my hand. His family are like himself, and I am disposed to think I have done a good deed in making you known to one another.

This is a fine sporting country but the season of the year will send me back to you without any addition to my stock of landscape ideas. The winter is not without its beauties, but they do not appear to advantage on paper, or on canvas. There was a considerable fall of snow on Monday last, and some proud cedars opposite to my window



window are so covered with it as to possess a silver foilage; and as the wind shakes the branches, they shed a silver shower, which, meeting with a faint ray of the sun, becomes a temporary object of inexpressible beauty.

Though the pleasure of writing to you is a very sincere one, I shall be most glad to resign it for that of conversing with you; which, in a few days, will, I hope, be the happy privilege of, your most obliged, &c.

*J. Cosens.*

*To Jonathan Cosens, Esq;*

*Monday Afternoon—*

**W**E have just heard some very strange and extraordinary reports concerning you which, though we do not comprehend them, are sufficient to make us uneasy. My Mamma desires the favour of hearing from you, or seeing you in the evening, to dissipate our alarms.

*M. D.*

*To*

*To Miss Delaunois.*

*Monday Evening—*

**I** Am under an engagement which I cannot set aside even to wait upon you. The business in which I have been concerned has made no little noise in Bath; and will extend itself further, as it is thought adviseable to insert the whole transaction in the news papers. I will explain matters more fully to you to-morrow morning: at present I have only time to tell you, that, crossing the Circus last night after having left the rooms, I heard a lady call for help from a sedan-chair, and at the same time I saw a young man, genteely dressed, striking the top of it with his cane, while he expressed himself in very abusive terms to the person within. The chairmen stood aghast: however, that was not my case, for I seized the gentleman with all my force, and gave him a very violent fall over the poles, from which, I believe he did not immediately recover. I then ordered the chairmen to conduct the lady home all with possible expedition, and I walked by the side of the chair. She lived but in Gay-street, so that a very few minutes brought us there; but the

the moment she had entered the parlour, she sunk speechless upon the sofa. When she was brought to herself, I explained the affair to a lady who came to her assistance. I then took my leave and returned home, thinking to hear no more of the business, but, perhaps, from the politeness of the lady's family. However, the four enclosed notes will tell you that I was mistaken, and explain the conclusion of the matter. I have only to thank you again and again for the very kind and flattering interest you take in,

Your most obliged, &c.

J. C.

*To Jonathan Cofens. Esq.*

*Tuesday Morning, 6 o'Clock.*

**M**R. O'Clary presents his compliments to Mr. Cofens, and hopes to have the pleasure of meeting him to morrow morning on Claverton-Down, at 7 o'Clock. The insult Mr. O'Clary received last night makes this demand necessary. Mr. Cofens is desired to bring his friend and to come armed with sword and pistol. Mr. O'Clary will wait for him near the Plantation

tion, attended and accoutred in the same manner. He has also ordered a post-chaise and a surgeon to attend, in case of any accident that may make immediate flight and immediate help necessary.

*To——O'Clary, Esq.*

*Tuesday Morning, 8 o'Clock.*

*Sir,*

**I** H A V E this moment received your note, which very much surprizes me; as I little expected to have heard of you, but as a penitent for having insulted a lady: nor had I the most distant idea that you would have ventured to address me, but as a person whom you ought abundantly to thank for having prevented you from carrying the insult further. The contents of your message are so terrible, that I am not sufficiently master of them, or of myself, to answer you with propriety. By noon you shall have my determination; which will not be intruding upon the time sufficient to prepare the necessary apparatus. In the mean time, Sir, I am,

Your humble servant,

*Jonathan Cosens.*

*To*



*To Jonathan Cofens, Esq;*

*Tuesday Noon, Five Minutes past 12 by the  
Clock at the Parade Coffee-House.*

**I**T is now past twelve and I have received no answer from you: however, at all events, I shall resort to the Down at seven o'clock to-morrow morning, and wait two hours. If you do not think proper to appear in that time, or to ask my previous pardon, you will certainly be spoken of in all public companies accordingly, by, your humble servant,

*Patrick O'Clary.*

*To Mr. O'Clary.*

*Tuesday Noon—*

*Sir,*

**W**ITHOUT entering into any observation upon your nice manner of calculating time, I must inform you that I am just returned from seeing the family

family of the lady you treated in such a scandalous manner. She refused, it seems, to dance with you. In the hearing of many people you then threatened to be revenged of her, and this revenge was to alarm and insult her in the street on her return home.

The risking my own life, or the taking away that of another person, is a thing which I shall never be brought to do. If I should be guilty of an injustice, I should be willing I trust, to make the most public satisfaction. If I receive it, I know how to forgive, or, if the public is concerned, to have recourse to the laws. At the same time I know how to defend my life, if any one should be so rash as to attack it. In your opinion, Sir, this language may mark me for a coward; but he who dares withstand the tide of popular prejudice, fashionably folly, and false honour, shews more courage than the exposing himself to the attack even of such a renowned person as yourself.

I shall not meet you, Sir, to-morrow morning, according to your invitation: I would also advise you to go the contrary way to that you propose, and to make all possible haste, as the mayor will, in a very few hours, have signed a warrant to apprehend you, when a security will be demanded for your good behaviour, which it will not, perhaps, be in your power to find.

That

That I may never hear from you again, unless you are become a reformed and a better man, is the sincere wish of,

Your humble servant,

*Jonathan Cofens.*

*To Miss Delaunois.*

*Chelsea—*

**W**E L L my dear Maria, I have had my revenge, without running the least risque of disgracing myself. I have neither sneered nor smiled, nor done anything I ought not to do. But kind Fortune has stood my friend, and I have triumphed more completely than my most angry fancy had ever suggested to me. Her boasted Baronet has been at our assembly, and, what is more, came on purpose to dance with me. However, I bore my triumph with moderation, and did not so much as throw a look towards my Epsom patroness to see her dying with mortification.

My partner is a genteel, well<sup>l</sup> behaved young man; but, if he had been without an head, I should have been contented with him. He is a Sir William Singleton, and  
report

report says very rich, but he is not quite of age. He asked my Mamma's permission to visit us, which she readily granted. I think he might have made the proposal to me, but, you will say, it was a mark of his good sense and good breeding and all that.

Now that this detraction against me is so fully contradicted, and without my appearing in the matter, I am more convinced than ever, that all your advice has been perfectly right; and I will keep it safe for any future occasion. I meet Miss Flirty as usual, without assuming the least superiority: nay, I am hardly angry with her; I really am not certain, if I do not pity her.

We have news from India, and, in May next, my Papa will return, laden, I hope, with the gold and diamonds of it. My Mamma is beyond measure happy, and caresses me more than ever. A new coach is ordered, and a person is commissioned to look after a large house in some of the squares. All this wears a good appearance, does it not? Surely we shall not always be separated from each other. Your wishes are too warm not to render me grateful; but too happily expressed for me to aim at making any other declaration, than that, during this and every other year of my life, I shall be your most affectionate

*Caroline Barker.*



*To Dr. Lancaster.*

*Bath—*

*My dear and reverend Sir,*

**T**H E inclosed papers will inform you of the conduct of our boy, in a matter which has made no little noise here; and you will perceive that he has acted in a manner worthy of himself and us. The family of the young lady have outgone common gratitude in the sense they entertain of their obligations to him. Their name is Bramston, and they live in your county; but it never occurred to me, and I am surpris'd at it, to ask them if they knew you. They forced a promise from Jonathan to visit them in the summer, which he will do after he has been to pay his duty to you. They are, I am told, a very worthy, respectable family, and I hear so great a character of the young lady, that I almost wish Jonathan may view her with a favourable eye. I don't know how it is, but he is not so smart among the young women as his uncle was at his age:—but you will excuse me.

We are to leave this place much sooner than I intended, and to return home by  
way

way of London. An estate, which I have long anxiously wished to purchase, as it will unite my two principal estates of Carlton and Mapletost, has lately been offered to me, and the preliminaries are settled. This business will carry me to town once again; and for Mr. Cosens it may have turned out pleasant enough.—We all unite in best regards to you and yours. *Multos & felices* is the old classical compliment at this season of the year, and I desire you to accept it from,

Your very obliged

And sincere friend, &c.

*George Cosens.*

*To Sir George Cosens.*

*Dublin—*

*My dear Sir,*

**I**F any-thing could lessen my concern for the subject of this correspondence, it would be the information, that a person, for whom I had so great a regard in the early part of my life, is enjoying health, honour, and

and every kind of worldly prosperity. It was the death of my brother which I suppose has misled you; and the business in which that event involved me, for a great number of years, kept me continually in Ireland, and prevented my seeing any of my old acquaintance, but such as their affairs or amusements led to Dublin, and they were very few indeed. In truth, I had so much to do in recovering an almost ruined estate, and in securing a disputed one, that I had no leisure to turn my thoughts from home. However, I have been so fortunate as finally to effect both my purposes; but this agreeable event did not happen till the desire of change was dead in me, and that all my relations and acquaintance were confined to this kingdom.

It is some years ago since I saw it declared in the public prints, that you were to be appointed to some principal embassy; and if that intelligence had been confirmed, I should have done myself the pleasure of writing to you upon the occasion: but being informed that you chose a private and retired station in preference to the honours of a court, I thought the renewal of such a distant friendship as ours would only be troublesome to you.

As to the melancholy office which you propose to undertake, I cannot but accept it. If you should think it necessary, Mr. Freeman has promised to convey the re-

mains of his friend to me; and I shall consign them, with much grief, to the tomb where I shall shortly repose myself.—That gentleman deserves much of me, and I hope you think I have given sufficient proofs of my esteem for him. I have no means of proving myself grateful to you for your kindness, unless your nephew, who, I am told, is one of the most accomplished young men of the age, should be induced, by his curiosity, to travel into this country; when I would give him every proof in my power, should I be living, how much I esteem any-one who belongs to you, and with what sincerity and respect I am,

Your obliged and faithful friend,

*Anthony Williams.*



*To Anthony Williams, Esq.*

*Bath—*

*My dear Friend,*

**I** Return you many thanks for your kind and obliging letter. My nephew also is truly sensible of your goodness to him. I am proud to say, that he is what I suppose the favourable opinion of Mr. Freeman hath represented him; and if ever he should turn his wishes towards Ireland, I shall be most happy to recommend him to such a protection as yours: in return, any commands with which you shall be pleased to honour me, shall be faithfully obeyed, and any friend of yours, who should travel into the North of England, be most welcome to me.

Mr. Freeman, by this time, must be arrived at Carlton; and my steward has received orders, upon his arrival, to take the most immediate steps to remove your son's remains. I have not desired Mr. Freeman to attend them—as I am sure he will do it, and I wish to let him have the entire merit of paying this last tribute to the memory of his departed friend. While we live, my dear Sir, (for we both begin to be pretty far

far advanced in life,) I hope occasionally to hear from you on more pleasant subjects. We shall not, in all probability, see one another any more; but I should be sorry, if you did not join with me in promoting such communications as chance and time have left us; I am, as I have the greatest reason to be,

Your most sincere friend,

And obliged humble servant,

*George Cofens.*

*To Leonora.**Port Patrick.**My dear Madam,*

**I** RATHER wished to have the pleasure of hearing from you before I took up my pen to write to you: but I could not delay the pleasure I know it will afford you to be informed, that I have seen Mr. Williams, and beheld him weep over your epistle. He felt all the force of it; and I have it in commission from him to tell you that there can be no wish of your heart which is not equally the desire of his own.

I have this day performed the last duty in my power to our unfortunate, dear, and ever-lamented friend, by conveying his remains to the shore of Scotland. I attended them on board the vessel, which I quitted with feelings too poignant for me to express. Mr. Williams waits on the opposite coast to receive and accompany them to the family sepulchre in the North of Ireland, where there will be a place for your ashes, when your life shall have attained its period. But I trust, that, by your own wisdom, and the soothing attentions of those

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excellent

excellent friends with whom you are to pass your days, you will at length possess a serene and tranquil satisfaction which may accompany you to old age.

Mr. Williams has more than fulfilled your request in regard to me: I am made comfortable and independent. Truly happy I can never expect to be; for the same remembrance which may give somewhat of a gloom to your days, will assuredly throw a cloud over mine. If my presence should at any time be necessary to you, long as the journey may be, I would leave my peaceable home to obey your commands. This is what is due to your unparalleled excellence, and your unparalleled misfortunes. My departed friend claims it from me, and he shall be satisfied.—To hear, my dear Madam, that you have any prospect of happiness, will do me good; but to know that you are, by the favour of Heaven, making near approaches to it, will most effectually establish that of,

Your sincere and affectionate,

Humble servant,

*W. Freeman.*



*To Miss Delaunois.*

*Devizes.*

THE ceremony of a formal adieu I could not bear, and the effects of it dare not risk: I therefore waved taking leave of you till I had arrived at the first stage of my journey; which is painful to me, though it bends towards the metropolis, which I have never seen, and has long been the object of my warmest curiosity. But so it is, that I think I could be well content to pass to the rest of my life within a few paces of you, and not far from my friend Mr. Morgan, without one restless or discontented moment.

Your commissions shall be most faithfully executed, and I feel a great comfort in having them. Permit me to present my most grateful acknowledgments to Mrs. Delaunois for her goodness to me. In every part of my life I shall consider the hours I have passed under her roof as very happy ones. If I flatter you my heart deceives me; but however fallacious it may prove in the other concerns of life, it must be true to the great object and mistress of it.

If I have said too much, forgive me: my feelings tell me I have not said enough; —they are yet dissatisfied!

*J. Cosens.*

*To Miss Delaunois.*

*Chelsea.*

**Y**OU thought, I suppose, that you had done a very cunning thing, in surprising us with the appearance of your Mr. Cosens. Yesterday morning I received a very polite note from him, brought by a servant covered with lace; and, in the afternoon, we had the pleasure of seeing him: I say pleasure, for it was a real one, and my Mamma and myself are both of us in love with him; but, alas, to our mortification, he is, most assuredly, in love with you. We have a thousand agreeable omens for you; and I would now most willingly assign the day for my nuptials, at all events, to be the same which will look bright upon yours: I would, indeed, in spite of all your resolutions upon the subject.

My

My knight has been to see us twice : he is a very agreeable, modest, well-informed young man ; but a little too serious. He begged permission to introduce his mother to our acquaintance ; and my Mamma, to be truly polite, took me with her, the day following, to call upon Lady Singleton. She has a noble house in Cavendish Square, received us in a most elegant manner, and said the handsomest things in the world to me. I was delighted with my visit, and begin to look upon Chelsea with real disdain.

Is it because there is a little jealousy in the subject, that you have not written a word of the Bath affair which has been inserted in the news-papers. Mr. Cofens certainly behaved to admiration, and deserved an eulogium from you, whoever the fortunate lady might be whom he protected. I desire you will make amends for this neglect, by telling me what fine things he writes of me ; for it is impossible but you must communicate your tender feelings to each other, and deplore the miseries of absence.—Pray how do your turtles? Oh the affectionate animals! they must be dearer to you than ever—And the little leveret their companion—to be sure, there never was any-thing so caressed as he is. Pray tell me where did you get the pretty animal?—but I will laugh at you no longer.—Oh, my dear Maria,

what a time this would be for us to be together! What communications you would receive from your most faithful

*Caroline Barker.*

*To Miss Delaunois.*

*Curzon-Street.*

I Suspended all my curiosity to obey your commands. The day after my arrival in town, I did myself the honour of waiting upon Miss Barker; and if London possesses many things as charming as she is, I shall no more wonder at the crouds which resort to partake of its pleasures. If you had not been conscious that my heart was guarded by some other influence from tender impressions, you have acted a very unfriendly part in the introduction of me to your very dangerous friend. I very soon perceived that you had lived much together: she has, at times, much of your manner, and something of your looks; and it is this circumstance, perhaps, which made me so sensible of the danger lurking about her. She wants nothing, but what time and a little experience will produce, to make her one of the  
most



most charming young women in the world. She spoke of your virtues with so much warmth, described your beauty with so much disinterestedness, boasted of your friendship with such an honest pride, and lamented your separation with so much tenderness, that I could have worshipped her.

Before I had been an hour in the house, I found myself one of the family ; and when your drawings were opened, which had hitherto been politely delayed, and had been warmly admired, Miss Barker ran away, like a lapwing, for the frames, and, giving them to me with an air of the most friendly freedom, begged me to arrange them. I set about the business as if I had been in my own chamber ; and, having done it, was desired to dispose them in the room which they were to adorn. I gave my hand to Mrs. Barker ; the young lady preceded us with the drawings in her arms, and we ascended two pair of stairs to a room where the pictures were soon disposed of ; and I was indulged with my afternoon's regale (for you know tea is a very great one to me) in this elegant little cabinet. There I remained till I was ashamed to find I had stayed so long ; but I really never passed three hours more agreeably in my life, except some which I have known at Bath. Thus it is, that, wherever I go, my happiness is the gift of your goodness. The *piano forte* did not add a little to my

entertainment ; and I left the society of my friends much flattered by a very kind declaration that a repetition of my visit would be perfectly agreeable to them whenever it should be to me. Grateful to them and to you, I returned home to complete the satisfaction of the evening, by giving you an account of it.—Good night to you. May your pillow be soft to your cheek, and your dreams as the visions of a good spirit !

Yours most truly,

*J. Cosens.*

*To Jonathan Cosens, Esq.*

*Hislop Parsonage.*

*My dear Sir,*

**S** I R George has been so kind as to send me the Bath paper which contains every particular of the dispute with Mr. O'Clary. Your conduct, in every circumstance of it, receives my full applause. Mr. Bramston's family speak in the highest terms of acknowledgement to you. I have not the pleasure of knowing them; but the physician, who attends poor Mrs. Lancaster, is their intimate friend, and he has repeated to me their relation of the affair, with their sentiments upon it. There is nothing so pleasant so honourable, and, oftentimes, so useful to persons, even of the highest rank as to have the good report and friendship of worthy and respectable people; and I doubt not but you will encrease the number of those who love and honour you.

It is a matter of no small astonishment to me, that the business of duelling does not yield to the common sense of mankind; and that it does not is among the many proofs of the influence of Fashion. Courage is out  
of

of the question; and every man who falls in a duel, is a victim sacrificed at the altar of that all powerful demon.

The duellist risks the killing of those to whom he is bound by the ties of Nature; which is an inhumanity. He puts himself in imminent danger of being killed; which is a kind of despair. He takes upon him to do justice for himself; which is despising the laws and of course, an act of injustice. He professes to renounce forbearance, patience, and charity; which is to renounce christianity. He commits these crimes for the most frivolous reasons; which is a real folly. He plainly shews a greater regard to his own interest than that of the public; which is against every principle of true courage—and all this, without considering the consequences in a future state to himself and his antagonist, because he is not able to resist the influence of Fashion. You well remember how much I dwelt upon this subject in your studies on the Gothic system and manners; and, without any imputation of your good sense, I flatter myself, that the principles I then laid down have had their influence in your late conduct, which redounds so much to your honour.

I shall add nothing further, but that I look with impatience to the time when you will once more honour my roof with your presence:—the eyes of poor Mrs. Lancaster brighten for a moment, as she expresses her  
 hopes



hopes to see you again before they are closed for ever!—I remain your most affectionate

*Thomas Lancaster.*

*To Miss Delaunois.*

*Curzon Street.—*

THE reason of my writing to you again, though I had that pleasure but two days ago, will, I am sure, justify the liberty I have taken. Last night an account arrived of the death of the clergyman whom I mentioned to you as the incumbent of that living which is now Mr. Morgan's. The presentation will accompany this letter; and I send it by express, which is not only the safest way, but will make that worthy man happy some hours sooner than the post. I have enclosed it to you, because it will receive grace from your delivery of it, and afford your spirit a consummate pleasure.

You will be so good as to tell my friend, that the living is four hundred pounds a year, and in a very improveable state, with an admirable house, garden &c. The situation

on is very pleasant, and the whole parish belongs to my uncle, who has a fine old seat in it. There is another circumstance which I doubt not will enhance its value, which is its vicinity to Carlton, the distance being a pleasant ride of about five miles. You will desire him not to write to me, but to my uncle, on the occasion: I am already too much rewarded by the business to require any thanks from him; and too much interested in having him for a neighbour, to suppose the obligation more than mutual.

London appears to be a most wonderful place; but I cannot prolong this letter to give you an observation upon it. I shall only assure you with what real regard I am your most obliged

*J. Cosens.*

*To Miss Barker.*

**S**O I am in love—Alas! my dear Caroline, if that were the case, I should not have presented my shepherd to such a formidable rival as yourself; nay, if your opinion had the least foundation, I should not have been so disinterested as to write to you with the present satisfaction, after having received a letter from him which is full of you. He describes you with little less than rapture, and tells me of the afternoon he passed with you as one of the most delightful of his life: nevertheless, I feel not the least mortification; on the contrary I am charmed with the eulogium which I have received of my friend.

Tell me, my heart, if this be love!

You are now convinced, I hope, how foolish it is to fret and make yourself unhappy about the little, nonsensical chit-chat of little neighbourhoods. Be superior to it when you hear it; but, as much as is in your power, never hear it at all: and should you once suffer your waiting-woman to be the bearer even of favourable reports, she  
will

will soon have an improper influence over you. grow impertinent, and oblige you to dismiss her: when she will entertain her next mistress with every circumstance relative to you; and, if she has been a confidante, she may have many things to tell, which, however trifling in themselves, it might be disagreeable to have repeated. Never listen to any report that is disadvantageous to another; or, if politeness should render it necessary, take care never to join in it. Thus your acquaintance will not only be discouraged from entering upon such subjects with respect to others, but they will be checked in their dispositions to do it with respect to yourself; and the little envious nonsense which may be spit forth at you, not being known to you, will be the same as if it had never been. They who live in the world must submit to the taxes of it, and calumny is one of them. Let others possess the splendors of life, and mingle with the gay and gaudy throng! May heaven grant me that tranquil retirement, where envy cannot find me, and the tongue of falsehood cannot reach me!—this is the continual prayer of your

*Maria Delaunois.*



*To Mr. Freeman.*

*My dear Friend,*

**I**T is with the greatest pleasure that I commence a correspondence which will be one of the melancholy comforts of my future life. I have been arrived here a week, and received every mark of kindness from my friends that the best and tenderest hearts could bestow. They are in possession of singular happiness and prosperity, nor does it a little diminish my griefs to see that they are free from the trouble of them.

Their invitation to you is sincere; and, if the storms of life should overtake you, it is a great privilege to have such a refuge. Mine, I hope, are almost over; and Heaven seems to be weary of afflicting me. I begin to taste something of a fearful pleasure:—I say a fearful one, as I suspect it to be a treacherous one; and I shall sail with caution upon the smooth, uncertain wave, which may tempt my shattered bark, to engulf it.

I regret that I am at such a distance from you as to exclude the hopes of ever seeing  
you

you again. An epistolary correspondence, however, will, in some degree, supply this satisfaction: friends may still entertain a pleasing intercourse, and tell one another of their regard, though seas and gulphs and mountains separate them. I desire to hear a very particular account of yourself; how you are settled, where your lot is, with every circumstance of it. Describe me your house; give me the characters of your friends and acquaintance: tell me of any good that may attend you, and give me an opportunity to rejoice: hide not from me any evil that may befall you, that I may mingle my tears with yours. Any thing and every thing will interest me that concerns you; and once a month I shall expect a packet from you. I am afraid you will find but a poor return in my answers to them; but you have never yet acted from interested views, and your generous mind will not narrow your benevolence when it is exerted towards the wounded heart of

*Leonora.*

*To Jonathan Cofens, Esq.*

*Bath—*

**I** NEVER sat down to my writing-table with so much pleasure as at this moment, when I am to acquaint you that your commands are executed, and to thank you, very much indeed, for having employed me in the pleasing and honourable commission. The whole was a singular scene of joy not unattended with many tears of delight and gratitude. There is a desire, a power, and a manner of doing good, which are seldom united, but when it so happens from the perfection of benevolence. I need not, Sir, explain it to you; for you possess it, and have afforded a very bright example of it. I consider you as the high-priest at the altar, and myself as the ministering damsel, to pour forth the oblation. Mr. Morgan and his family are as happy as you can wish them, and I should imagine, by this time, Sir George Cofens has received the tribute of their gratitude.

In making me the distributor of your kindness, you did me an honour: I am sure you meant to do me a pleasure; but, probably,

bably, your friendship did not look farther to the consequences, which I have reason to think will be of great importance to me.

You know of my mother's uncertain state of health, and the other day she was so ill for six hours together, that I sent for Morgan. It was a paroxysm of pain which soon passed away: however, happening to say, among other things, during the course of my alarm, that as my parents were foreigners, when my mother died, I should be left alone in the world, he told me that his house would ever be open to me as to himself; and that he, as well as his whole family, would think it an honour to be my humble servants at all times, and upon all occasions. Though the death of such a parent as mine would be afflicting beyond expression, I feel a singular satisfaction in knowing that I have these excellent people for sincere and steady friends. I have also an additional comfort, that it will be in my power to reward them. My dear mother's life hangs by a very slender thread; I shall therefore, not be wholly inattentive to those arrangements which will be necessary to me when I shall be left alone; and, in this manner, familiarise myself to an event which must happen, as well as prepare myself to support the severity of it.

But, to get away from such a mournful subject, I assure you that my Chelsea friends  
return



return your good opinion of them with equal warmth. If I could turn my thoughts for a moment from the many filial duties which claim my attention, I should wish to be one of your afternoon party. It is something however to be the means of procuring satisfaction to others; and that I have been able to accomplish such a pleasing desire in the introduction of you to my friends, is a very delightful reflection. We desire you to receive our sincere respects; any better return for your kindness cannot be offered to you by, your obliged humble servant,

*Maria Delaunois.*

*To Miss Delaunois.*

*Curzon Street—*

**I** THANK you most sincerely for your obliging letter. Praise has a new odour when it comes from you, and begets a greater anxiety to obtain it. I wish you all happiness; and, as so much of it depends upon the life of Mrs. D—, I hope it will be prolonged while she herself can wish it: nevertheless, I cannot but find a pleasure in the prospect that I may, some time or other, see you in the neighbourhood of Carlton. What a delight it would be to lead you through the scenes which your pencil has traced, to improve them by your taste, and to resign the naiads of the stream, and the dryads of the wood, to your direction! It would be too great a pleasure, and I know not how to indulge the hope of it.

This London is a place that seems to unite every-thing in itself, and appears to be exhaustless. I pass the-morning in seeing every-thing which is to be seen in a morning and in the evening I have recourse to the Theatres, the Opera, or some public assembly. I have attended Mr. Garrick whenever  
has

has acted: he is wonderful, as you told me I should find him, but particularly when he represents the characters of Shakespear. I have heard several of Handel's oratorio's with a pleasure not to be expressed. The Italian opera does not please me; at least, I am not sufficiently accustomed to it, to forget the nonsense and ridiculousness of it. The orchestra is a fine one, the dances magnificent, and the audience brilliant; but in three different operas which I constantly attended, there were not above three songs that I should ever wish to hear again. But there is a difference between solemn and jovial nonsense, or it would be unpardonable in me to be delighted with a pantomime: notwithstanding the folly, ridiculousness, and nonsense of Harlequin, he does so many surprising things, introduces you into such new scenes, and leads you on with such an amazing rapidity and pretty music, through such a strange succession of events, that I am sorry when his frolics are over. Never having seen a pantomime before, nor having any idea of it, you may conceive my astonishment at the exhibition of Harlequin Sorcerer: I declare, for the time, I was unable to think or speak, from the downright stupidity of surprize.—But I have a little article of news, which perhaps may please you.

My aunt, you must know, had engaged me to dine with one of her particular

friends, where I was to meet with such a girl as I had never seen. She had met her by chance, for five minutes, and was in raptures about her. My curiosity, which you have helped to quench in these matters, was not very alive upon the occasion: however, so much was said, that, if you had been in town, I should, most certainly have expected the pleasure of seeing you. My aunt insisted upon my dressing more than usual, nor was she content till I was glittering with embroidery. Accordingly, when we arrived at Lady Singleton's, where the party was made, whom should I see, on the entering the drawing room, but your lovely friend Caroline Barker; and I had no sooner paid my respects to the company, than she began, in her manner, to rally me for not having been at Chelsea but once during the last week, and so on. Lady Singleton stared; my aunt was all astonishment; and, happening to turn my eyes towards Sir Charles, I saw he was completely miserable. However, after a good deal of laughter between your fair friend and myself, we suffered an eclairsissement to take place. I took care, by a gentle whisper, to set the Baronet at his ease; and, I very believe, that a better disposed company did not that day set down to dinner, in any city of Europe. We all went to the opera together, where Lady Singleton took on opportunity to inform

me



me of her son's passion, and I gave her that account of your friend which determined her to approve and promote it. It will be a match; and a very good one on both sides. Sir Charles is not a brilliant man; but he has an excellent heart and a solid understanding. I have known him ever since we were children, and I have no doubt but he will become a character of consideration. He is very rich, and his mother is a most excellent woman, who, to all the elegance and dignity of high life, adds the homely virtues of a private station. My aunt and Lady Singleton were educated together, and have preserved a friendly correspondence ever since. Miss Barker cannot be united to a family of more worth and respect, nor with a fairer prospect of wealth honours and happiness. However, this must, for the present, be a secret between us; for the following day the same company dined with us, and as I was standing by Miss Barker, my hand and hers happened to be so near together as to give her an opportunity of honouring mine with a very friendly squeeze, and, on my asking her the design of that bribe, she whispered me, "not to tell Maria of our parties." You must not therefore betray me, or think I deem lightly of ladies favour. I knew that I should afford you a sincere pleasure in this little relation; but, besides, it is, some how or other, no com-

mon satisfaction to unbosom myself to you, and to pour the contents of my heart, as it were, into your lap, whatever they may be. The same party is to dine at Chelsea to-morrow, and to go afterwards to Ranelagh. Your sly friend took an occasion to whisper me sarcastically, that there wanted nothing but a certain Bath lady to make our meetings complete; and she then applied her fan to the side of her nose, and cast a look at me which made me sigh,

My uncle has left town for some time; my aunt remains behind to see her old friends, and I stay to amuse myself and attend upon her. We shall follow him in a few days, and before you will have time to write to me again. I must, therefore, be deprived of that great pleasure, till I know where I shall be, as our immediate destination is not fixed; but I believe we shall return by the way of Shropshire, to visit Doctor Lancaster, of whom you have heard me speak so often with delight and veneration.—I bid you adieu with regret, and I never finish my letters to you, but with the feelings of a votary who has just made his offering at the altar of Virtue. As such receive the sincere esteem of, your most obliged and faithful humble servant,

*J. Cosens.*

*To Miss Delaunois.*

*Chelsea—*

I Suspect, my dear Maria, that your cunning Mr. Cosens tells you every-thing, and I shall never forgive him, if he has anticipated the subject of this letter. Your Caroline is in a situation the most honourable, the most flattering, and the most promising, that can be imagined, and nevertheless she is not happy. She wants you to confide in; she wants you to converse with, and to sooth the hurry of her spirits, which are agitated to such a degree, that she hardly knows what she says or does. In short, Mr. Cosens waited upon us yesterday morning with proposals of marriage from Sir Charles Singleton. He prefaced his errand with a most admirable eulogium of his friend, which he delivered with the grace of an angel; and then presented a paper to my Mamma, who, having read it, replied that the proposals were generous beyond expectation; and that, although my father was not returned from the East-Indies, she should venture, from a consideration of the circumstances, to give her full consent:

M 3

but

“ but added she, there is another person to be consulted, and Caroline’s sentiments on the matter must determine my final answer ; for which purpose, continued she, I shall leave her with you, that she may, without restraint, declare to you the feelings of her heart.” Having said this, she left the room, and had scarce got into the hall, when I hastily followed her, clung about her, and burst into tears. She immediately became as much affected as myself, and dragged me up the stairs after her, till we got into my dressing-room. Mr. Cofens followed us, and in about half an hour, with a great many tears, much confusion and some little laughter, I desired my Mamma to say Yes for me ; and the ambassador left us immediately to carry the happy tidings, as he called them, to his friend.

In the afternoon, Lady Singleton and Sir Charles arrived with Mr. Cofens and his aunt. The business was talked over, and every-thing agreed upon, except the wedding-day, which is to be delayed till my Pappa returns, and he is expected in about a month—Heigh-ho !—and I have been left alone with Sir Charles and did not find courtship such an awkward thing as I expected.

Mr. Cofens and his aunt, who is the most pleasant woman I ever saw, are to leave London in a few days, which will be a great loss to us all. However, I have a lover,  
and



and such an one as my heart could wish, and I shall be very, very rich, - and have fine houses, and parks, and carriages, and horses, and cloaths, and a title into the bargain: nevertheless, I am not happy, and cannot sleep, and know not what I do or say. Why is all this? and wherefore does prosperity bring such strange troubles with it? My Mamma laughs at me, and perhaps, you will do the same; but, I believe, if I do not recover my tranquillity soon, I shall have a violent fit of illness of some sort or other.

All this morning the house has been besieged with milliners, mercers and mantua makers, and my eyes are quite tired with looking at silks and laces and gold muslins; for it seems now, according to my Mamma's opinion of the matter, that I have not a skirt in my wardrobe which you were used to call an extravagant one, fit for me to wear. Well, all this hurry must have an end; and I hope, when I write again, that I shall have recovered my senses, and be restored to that careless, easy sprightliness, which you have so often been pleased to admire in your most affectionate

*Caroline Barker.*

*To Miss Barker.*

*Bath—*

**E**VERY joy attend you, my dearest Caroline! and may the sun never cease to shine upon the charming scene of happiness that awaits you! Heaven has been very bounteous to you, and to the loveliness of beauty and excellence of understanding it has united the treasures of fortune without a preceding heart-ach, and with a fair prospect of rational happiness. I doubt not but your gratitude will be conspicuous in the wisdom with which you will perform all the duties of your approaching station. —I hope you are already free from those pleasing, painful agitations of spirit which you repeat as your complaints. These are only the tremors of happiness, that will soon subside and leave your heart at rest to feel an undisturbed fulness of satisfaction.

Young, and beautiful, and rich, and titled, and in a world like this! Oh! how the dangers are; and how many flowery snares will be laid in your path! Think not, my charming friend, that I wish to throw  
the

the lightest cloud across your present joy : my heart aches, when I reflect that my friendly counsels may interrupt it for a moment, But I shall restrain my pen, and shall only make one request to you; it is an important one, and well worthy of your consideration—it is not to indulge a moment's idea of living separate from Lady Singleton. Such a guide will happily direct the first years of your married life, and preserve you from the errors which unexperienced virtue may commit, and from the pains which virtue never fails to suffer from the scourge of repentance. She is the mother of the man you love,—who will be shortly yours. She will have a right to receive from you the duty of a relation to her, and you will receive from her the affection of a mother. Your own parents will remain the respectable counsellors of your youth. You cannot be guilty of an intentional error, but by consulting the oracles which Heaven has given you, the accidental errors of life will hardly be committed by you.

Your future husband, whose excellence has been described to me in the highest colours of praise, is very young, enamoured of you to excess, and indulgent to every wish of your heart, and will want, in no small degree, perhaps, the very aid which is necessary to yourself. To persons who marry very young—there is such a thing as

infantine matrimony—the leading-string and the go cart are as requisite, if I may use the expression, to give strength to wisdom, and to guide discretion, as to direct our feet in the helpless period of natural infancy. This reflection may not have occurred to you; and I hope you will trust to my word, and not be converted to my opinion by any melancholy experience. Now, lest I should err in this, as I do daily in other matters, I beg of you to shew this letter to your mother, to Lady Singleton, and to Sir Charles, and hear, with an attention resolved to profit their sentiments upon the matter. The little advantage I have over you with respect to age, hardly allows me the right of giving you counsels, particularly upon such a subject as is now before us; but the untoward circumstances and events of life frequently anticipate that knowledge which the prosperous and happy only know by the slow and gentle instructions of unembittered experience. May you never have any other! and may the roses which adorn your way to the temple of Hymen retain their fragrance to the sepulchre of Death! This, and every other wish that the tenderest friendship can offer, I beg you will accept from your most faithful and affectionate.

*Maria Delaunois*



*To Miss Delaunois.**Carlton-Hall—*

**I** H A V E been returned to this place but a few days, and seize the first moment of repose from the civility of my country friends, to enter upon a business which has pressed for some time upon my heart, and is the great, nay the only object of it.

I presume it cannot have been possible for you to have shut your eyes against my sensibility to your charms and virtues, however your good sense might turn them from it. My looks, my words, my pen, all told the same tale; or they could not be faithful to their source, which has long been wholly yours. I thought it, however, expedient to try myself, and to discover what absence, and a variety of new objects and occupations, would do, before I should venture to make the declaration which now swells my heart. These have only strengthened my affection, and more firmly rivetted your image in my breast. I am now conscious, that I, in some degree, merit you;

you, not from a comparison of myself to you, but from a belief that I am capable of loving you as you ought to be loved. On this idea I am emboldened to ask your permission to propose you to my uncle as his future niece.

I shall add no more. For some time past I have laboured with an extreme agitation; at this moment it encreases, and, I fear, will suffer no remission till I receive that answer from you, which will give sunshine or shade to the future life of your ever faithful and most sincere

*Jonathan Cosens.*

*To Jonathan Cofens, Esq;*

*Bath—*

**Y**OU deserve, Sir, every return of gratitude and candour from me: it becomes me, therefore, with the most sincere sensibility of your goodness, to tell you that I had made a resolution, before I knew you, a most solemn one, that prevents me from consenting to the proposal you have done me the very great honour to make me.—I am resolved never to marry while my mother lives—If you know me at all, you will be convinced that nothing will be able to shake my purpose. This most excellent parent deserves all the attentions I can give her; and, while she remains in this world, she shall have them free from the obstructions of any other duty. Her watchful never-ceasing care for me, with the anxitey attending it, has, I fear made those inroads upon her health and strength which render her daughter so necessary to her. You know she is, in a great degree helpless: the inability of her right hand, which the waters do not promise to restore, makes it absolutely necessary for the common business, as

well

well as the comforts of life, to have some confidential person continually with her; and who so proper to administer to her; in every respect, as one who does, and ever will do it, from a sense of duty and the sentiments of affection? She is also incapable, unless very seldom, of passing over her threshold: It is highly fitting that her home should have every possible comfort; and how small a share of it would be left behind, if her child were to forsake it, whose presence alone, as she is pleased daily to express herself, is superior to all the society in the world! Would it not, therefore, be unpardonable, nay, would it not be criminal, to leave her, at the close of life, unable to assist herself, to the care of strangers, who must be bribed by money into kindness, and, if we suppose them to be the best, could not, during an year manifest that tenderness, and give that comfort which an affectionate child would throw into the office of a moment? Were I to do this, even amid the honours which I have no right to claim, and those riches which I have no right to expect, even in the most elevated moments of prosperity, the thoughts of that tender mother at a distance from me would not suffer me to enjoy a peaceful moment.

The chief part of her life, when she was capable of enjoying pleasure, she sacrificed to me: It is necessary I should make the same return; though hitherto, it has been no sacrifice, but the most pleasing of all duties



duties. It may be said, however that a kind husband will soon remove every obstacle. Let us suppose her then, after the nuptials of her daughter, to be still living with her, and every thing ordered, with the strictest care, for her comfort and happiness. This, surely, is placing matters in the most favourable light; and this would not content me. I should then have cares which would continually call me from her. The duties of a wife, a mistress, and of social life, not forgetting those, if, in my turn, I should become a mother, would never cease to turn my attentions from her. It is impossible but this tender parent, from whom I have never been separated half a day together, must languish in my absence. It is true, she could suffer with pleasure, for my sake; but while she lives, she shall never have a languishing moment that I can chase from her:—nay, may I be forsaken by Heaven, if I forsake the best parent that ever lived, when from sickness and sorrow she cannot move a step forwards without my support! My purpose is not to be shaken; and I will devote myself to her alone, till I follow her to the grave.

There is but one motive which could force me to change my resolution,, and that does not, and, I believe, will not exist; I mean necessity. By the favour of Providence our fortune is, for us, an ample one; and, whenever I am left alone, I shall, at  
least

least, have the comfort of affluence with me.

You must perceive, Mr. Cosens, that this is not a new determination: if it had not been long made, and continually fortified, I will frankly acknowledge that this would not have been a time to have formed it;—nay, Sir, it is to you alone that I should have entered into the long detail of my heart which is now before you. To any other request but yours, a positive and unequivocal negative would have been the only answer.

There is one thing which I had forgot, and it is most necessary that I should remember it. My mother is totally ignorant of your last letter: if she knew the contents, her authority might exercise itself, from her love to me, to induce me to accept that honour which I now refuse. I tell you this, Sir, with the candour you deserve; and be assured she shall never be informed of it by me. If she should be made acquainted with it by any-one, it may occasion me to be guilty of disobedience to a parent whom I have never yet disobeyed; and make me consider the person who occasioned my crime, as an enemy to the honour and repose of my life, who should be immediately cast off from my friendship, and even acquaintance, for ever.

I have done!—From motives of real respect and regard, your letter is already

dy consigned to the flames. I have no right to keep it, and I could not return it to you lest it might give you a momentary impression that I could be guilty of an ungracious act towards you. Every other mark of your favour and friendship I shall keep while I live, and ever retain a due sense of their estimation.—That you may be happy is the wish and prayer of my heart. I cannot desire to change my feelings; they are my pride and my contentment. I am sure you must approve them; and, perhaps, amid the honour and happiness of your future life, you may not quite cease to remember one who declares herself to be, with the greatest respect,

Your most obliged,

Humble Servant,

*Maria Delaunoy.*

*To Miss Delaunais.*

**I** H A V E received your letter with equal grief and admiration!—I bend myself to your decree!—I submit myself to your will—but the consummate happiness to which I aspire, is not to be resigned without a struggle. You shall attend your excellent parent without any interruption; be a right hand unto her; continue to support and comfort her; and with such a prop and such a consolation, whatever may be her afflictions, she is to be greatly envied. But the time must come when Heaven will complete these duties, and I shall think myself blest: when they are over, you will give me hopes that the request of my last letter will be granted. This would make me happy; and the intermediate time might be employed in endeavouring to render myself more worthy of you.—This proposal, which I offer with the most tender humility, may, I trust be accepted, without interfering with any duty you may have to perform. Alas! if my heart could be exposed to your view, you would not see its bleeding apprehensions without a desire to calm them.—

Your



Your wishes for my happiness are kind and welcome to me; but even your wishes must be vain, if you do not grant those of your most faithful and sincere

*J. Cosens.*

*To Jonathan Cosens, Esq.*

*Bath—*

**I** FLATTERED myself, Sir, that I had been so fortunate as to render the state of my heart, and the present purpose of my life, perfectly intelligible to you. While my mother lives, I have determined not to enter into any engagement; and I should think the declaration of my last letter entirely broken, and the grossest indelicacy committed by me, if I were to form any views of pleasure or satisfaction which I were to enjoy to a completion on her death. The very thought of such an event is truly afflicting to me, and makes me shudder as I write; how then is it possible that I can unite ideas of happiness with it. I am resolved, if human care can prolong life, to exert mine to the utmost for the continuance of hers; and, attached to that duty,

*To Miss Delaunais.*

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duty, I think of no other but what is intimately connected with it. When that shall be at an end, and Heaven shall have taken the best of women and of parents to itself, a new scene will open before me, new circumstances may arise; and the common resolutions of time and chance may have succeeded: the eye may then look to different objects, and the heart be impressed with feelings very opposite to those of the present moment.—I do not mean, Sir, to throw the shadow of a doubt over your present sincerity; or to suspect any of the many virtues which adorn you. I possess a real admiration of them; and I can say no more.

It is an heavy affliction to be obliged to turn myself from you; but prudence, honour, and duty, all urge me to it, and I must obey them. It is also with concern that I foresee an end to that pleasing, fraternal intercourse, which has subsisted between us since I first had the honour of knowing you. I am possessed with a melancholy foreboding that this letter may be the last I shall ever write to you. If so, Sir, I must bid you farewell! To hear of your future honours and happiness, if the fame of them should ever reach my retirement, will be very pleasant to me. We have conversed and written upon more pleasing subjects!—Alas,—what am I doing?—My paper is already blotted with my tears; but those of friendship cannot



not disgrace me!—perhaps, they may serve to embalm the remembrance of

*Maria Delaunois.*

*To Miss Delaunois.*

**I** AM in despair!—my hand trembles as I write; and my heart bleeds with the wounds which you have made.—Cruel perfection!—My happiness is vanished like a dream; and hope, the last comfort of the miserable, fades from before me. You would not tell me,—but some rival possesses your heart—some secret passion revels there, and excludes me from it. Your cruel decree will banish me from my home, my family, my friends, and native country. You will see me no more! You will hear from me no more! —Perhaps the ocean may be my grave, and save me from the slow poison of sorrow that is in me: but be assured, if I should survive danger and hardship, if my griefs should not destroy me, I will never set my foot on my native shore,—I will never return to my friends and native home, till my heart has lost every impression of you.

*Jonathan Cofens.*  
To

*To the Reverend Mr. Morgan.*

*Carlton Hall—*

*Reverend Sir,*

**I** H A V E not time to explain my reasons for troubling you with this letter ; but I have very interesting and urgent motives to be informed of the situation and character of Mrs. Delaunois and her daughter, who reside in your city. Every authentic circumstance concerning them I wish very much to know ; and you will greatly oblige me, by using as much expedition in your enquiries and answer, as the nature of the business will admit. In my next I shall explain myself farther ; and, for the present, this matter is to rest between yourself and,

Your most obedient,

Humble servant,

*George Cosens.*

*To Jonathan Cosens, Esq.*

**R** A S H, imprudent man! Suspend your hasty purpose!—If there yet remains in your breast one spark of regard to your own honour, or any tenderness for mine, banish not yourself from your family, your friends, and your country. Your reproaches are bitter indeed, and I have not deserved them. Alas! you have no rival; and if I have a secret passion, it is ingratitude in you to punish it.—Will it calm your rage to tell you, that, if my heart has ever received for a moment the tender impressions of any image, it is yours?

*M. D—*

*To Sir George Cofens.*

*Honoured Sir,*

**W**ITHOUT removing from the chair in which I was sitting when I received the favour of your commands, I am able to give you the most entire satisfaction concerning Mrs. and Miss D——, from my confidential intimacy with them.

Mrs. D——, whose maiden name was De Vercy, is a native of Laufanne, in Switzerland; and married, greatly against the consent of her parents, a Mr D——, an officer of rank and reputation in one of the Swiss regiments in the French service, with whom she lived happy, though forsaken by all her family, except a grandmother, who at her death left her about seven thousand pounds. Soon after this event, her husband died he also. He passed the more early part of his life in England; spoke the language well, and had taught it to his lady; and was continually wishing to have it in his power to retire thither. He therefore, on his death-bed, strongly recommended it to her, to invest her fortune in the British funds, and to make England the place of her



her future habitation. The last action of his life was the writing a letter to a relation, who was settled in London, to recommend his widow and infant daughter to his care. Accordingly, in the course of a few months she arrived in England, and fixed herself in one of the retired streets near Marybone, where she husbanded her little income with the most rigid œconomy, to keep up something of a decent appearance and to be enabled to have the most eminent masters in every branch of science. During her residence there, the gentleman to whose care her husband had recommended her, made her an offer of marriage, which she refused, though he was extremely rich, because she would not suffer any-thing to share the duty and affection she owed to her child. He continued, however, to be a very excellent friend to her till his death, when he proved his high sense of her merit. by a legacy of ten thousand pounds. Being now enabled to extend her plan of life, she removed to Chelsea, where, as her daughter grew up, she saw company, and formed acquaintances. But having been afflicted with a slight stroke of an apoplexy, she was advised to reside at Bath for the benefit of the waters, where she has been an inhabitant for about nine months.

Mrs. Delaunois is a very polite, well informed, excellent woman, and still discovers the remains of no common beauty. I

remember, that, on my accidentally mentioning your name, she said she remembered to have seen you frequently at her father's house, when you were upon your travels. As for her daughter, it is not in my power to do her justice. I believe, a more lovely, amiable, or sensible young woman never graced the world. She is now her mother's nurse, and suffers nothing, not even the most menial office, to be done, in her presence, by any hand but her own. To see her in the exercise of her filial duties, is a picture for heaven to contemplate with pleasure. She is modest, gentle, affable, and chearful, and possessed of every accomplishment that gives grace to beauty. My daughter is honoured with her friendship, and not a day passes but I hear of some act of original and solid excellence. I can add no more, but that I hope the account I have the honour to transmit you will prove to your satisfaction. I am, with the greatest respect, yours, &c,

*Nathaniel Morgan.*

P. S. As yesterday was not the post-day for the north, I left my letter unsealed, that, if any thing further should occur, I might add it; and an event has happened, which it will be most proper for you to know.—  
Mrs. Delaunois is dead. I was sent for to her early this morning, and found her in  
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the last agony. The young lady is at my house, where she struggles against her grief, with those reflections that reason and religion supply, and the consciousness of having left no duty unperformed to her deceased parent. She has desired to remain with me for the present; and I believe she will be easily persuaded to accompany me into Yorkshire unless her new-married friend, Lady Singleton, should insist upon her going into Shropshire.—But I say nothing on this subject, till I have the honour of another letter from Carlton.

*To Dr. Lancaster.*

*Carlton Hall.*

*My dear and reverend Sir,*

**T**HE life of our dear boy becomes at length more interesting: he is in love, and, as you, foretold, in the extremity of that passion, but, contrary to the proverb, it seems to be directed with wisdom.

Yesterday morning I had talked to him about taking a tour for three or four months in France with Mr Freeman, who had most kindly promised to accompany him. My design was to send him to the academy at Angers, where young Mr. Huddleston is going. He did not seem, however, to enter very readily into the proposal; so I was resolved, for the present, to say no more about it: but in the evening he came to me in my library, with a degree of haste as if he had been flying from danger, and a look as if he had been encountering it; and told me, that he was ready to enter upon the proposed tour as soon as I should think proper. I immediately arose, and, taking



taking him by the hand, desired him to tell me his distress; when, after an affecting shower of tears, he informed me that he had made an acquaintance with a young lady at Bath, whom he thought worthy of all his regard; but that he did not communicate the affair to me, till he was convinced of her worth, and the solidity of his own passion:—that being perfectly satisfied in both these respects, he wrote to beg her permission to propose her to me as my future niece, which she absolutely refused, declaring her intention never to marry during her mother's life. He shewed me her answers to the letters he wrote upon the occasion, and I read them with uncommon pleasure. The sentiments were of the profoundest virtue, expressed with equal force and elegance, but softened with expressions that convinced me the case was, by no means desperate. I therefore, took him in my arms, and bid his heart be at rest; for I would undertake to make him happy. I sent him to be comforted by his aunt, and immediately wrote to Mr. Morgan, at Bath, upon the business, who has returned me the most exalted character of the young lady, whom he intimately knows, and with whose family I have formerly been well acquainted. He informs me also that her mother died the morning that the letter came away; so that I hope, very shortly,

to give you an account of Jonathan's being finally and happily established.

When this wished-for and much desired event shall take place, I mean to retire to another house I have about five mile from Carlton, and leave that to the young folks.

—Mr. Freeman is with us, and busy in fitting up his little mansion. He informs me that Mrs. Lancaster declines so fast, that it is impossible she should survive many weeks. I need not write to you of submission to the will of Heaven, who have well taught it to others; but I cannot help expressing a wish, that, as we began life, we may close it together. You have done your duty; you have long laboured, like a faithful servant, in the vineyard; and it will not be neglecting your Master's service to leave it to him who has, for some years, assisted you in the duties of it. You may resign your living; I will present your curate to it; and nothing will remain for you, but to come and pass your latter days with me. It will do us both good; we shall be fit companions for each other, and shall be so situated as to receive the duties of children, without being a personal restraint upon them. My setting sun will go down more pleasantly in having you with me; and, after near thirty years general absence from me, I flatter myself you will find

find a comfort in finishing your course with  
your most sincere and affectionate

*George Cofens.*

*To the Reverend Mr. Morgan.*

*Carlton Hall.*

*Reverend Sir,*

I HAVE received your obliging letter, which you will be convinced gave me great satisfaction, when you have read the contents of this. It is the earnest wish of my nephew's heart, and I most sincerely concur with it, that Miss Delaunois should become my niece. I remember her family well, and was acquainted with her mother when she was what you describe the daughter to be: The business of this letter, therefore, is to desire you, at a proper time and opportunity, to ask permission for me to make proposals of marriage to her on behalf of Mr. Cofens. He is her most faithful and tender admirer, as she well

knows ; and I flatter myself, that she will honour him with a return, which will secure, not only his happiness, but that of,

Your very faithful,

Humble servant,

*George Cofens.*



*To Mr. Freeman.*

*Gromstadt Castle.*

*My dear Friend,*

**T**H E subject of this letter will, I believe, very much affect you:—the enclosed paper contains the last farewell of Leonora. Soon after her arrival at this place, though she was always tranquil and sometimes chearful, she, now and then, gave tokens of a wandering mind that alarmed us. However, this happened but seldom, and not in such a manner as to be visible to any body but ourselves. But matters soon took a different turn with her, from a casual circumstance which could not be foreseen. This was the arrival of a servant of Mr. Williams's, who, being a native of this country, had obtained his master's permission to pass some time in it. The good old gentleman took this opportunity to enquire after Leonora, and to accompany the enquiry with a small chrystal heart, enriched with diamonds, which enclosed a small lock of our deceased friends hair.

This little event, in some degree affected her ; but my apprehensions were beyond all bounds, when I understood that the messenger had ignorantly informed her of every particular that marked Mr. Williams's fatal end. However, nothing of that violence and disorder which I expected arose on this sad intelligence. On the contrary, it produced, at once, a decisive determination to enter into a convent of nuns, half a day's journey from hence, who are remarkable for the austerities of their discipline. We soon found this resolution was not to be opposed ; though we submitted with a reluctant sorrow. The motives of this extraordinary step you will find in the enclosed letter to yourself.——She has rewarded the servant with great liberality: your poor friend's watch and pictures she has desired may be transmitted to you, and her diamonds she has presented to the Countess. The greater share of her money she has given to the convent ; and, after having ordered another part of it to be distributed in pious uses, she has bequeathed, for so I must call it, the residue to you. It amounts to about twenty-five thousand livres of France, which, with the trinkets, I shall take the first opportunity of remitting to you. She reserved nothing to herself but the crystal heart, which she fastened to a small cord with her own hands, and having hung it from her neck, declared it should accompany her to the

the grave.—We attended her a few days ago to the convent, where she immediately entered upon the noviciate; and we embraced her for the last time, as she desired, on no account whatever, to let her see us any more.

This business, as you may suppose, has greatly disarranged us: however, our usual tranquillity begins to dawn upon us; and I trust and pray that this unfortunate lady may find that consolation in the austere duties of religion, which the world did not afford her.

As I am informed you possess so pleasing and respectable a situation in your own country, I cannot flatter myself that you will ever pay a visit to so distant a place as this: however, it will afford a welcome and an home to you, if ever you should come to it, or any of your friends who may bring any tidings of you. We have long had a very great desire to visit England, and we should have already enjoyed that satisfaction, had I not wished to let our two sons accompany us; and to make the voyage profitable to them, we must wait three or four years before we can execute our purpose. I hope, however, to hear occasionally from you, and to find you well and happy, when we make our proposed visit to your kingdom. The Countess joins me in the real regard which I desire you to accept

cept from your most sincere and faithful friend,

*Count Gromstadt.*

*To Mr. Freeman.*

**Y**OU deceived me,——and I thank you for the deception; but I am now instructed that Mr. Williams died by his own hand. I, alas! am the chief cause of this horrid act, and Heaven has made it known to me, that my future sufferings might expiate his offence and my own. When you receive this letter, I shall be enduring every rigor that religion will allow; and I shall already be an inhabitant of that cloister whose hollow arches resound with the groans of dissatisfied repentance. I have left some remembrances, which will be grateful to you, though such a faithful heart as yours wants no aid to enliven the feelings of virtue. I received the account of your happiness with unfeigned pleasure. Tell my father,——for I shall for once call him mine,——that I thank him for it, and that I bend me down with gratitude for the last paternal gift he made me, which has proved my salvation. It accompanied me to that  
cell



cell which now encloses your friend : it will, there add bitterness to my tears, force to my groans, and sharpness to the stripe. If the virtues and sufferings of his life are not sufficient to atone for the last act of it, I trust that the rigors to which I devote myself, will, in time, satisfy divine justice. It is that hope which animates my zeal, will lead me to midnight penitence, and direct the scourge, which ere your eyes shall meet this paper, will have been wet with my blood. May every happiness and comfort attend you ! My last prayers in this world will be for those that have loved me. But when the gates, which are full in my view, are once closed upon me, I shall see them no more, —they will be no more to me, a trembling victim devoted to appease the wrath of Heaven! —As to the world, I shall soon be no more, and am on the threshold of the house of death. You will already consider me as the food of worms. Accept, then, my last adieu. When you shall receive this letter, as it may relate to the world and to you, nought will remain of

*Leonora.*

*To Sir George Cofens.*

*Bath—*

*Honoured Sir,*

**W**ITHOUT prolonging my letter by the relation of circumstances which are by no means material, I have the very great pleasure to acquaint you, by the command of Miss Delaunois, that she is deeply sensible of the honour which you and Mr. Cofens have done her in the request communicated by me, and begs me to assure you, that her heart would condemn her as much for refusing it at this time, as, before her mother's death, it would have reproached her for granting it.

I have resigned my school, and settled all my affairs here: in the beginning of next week I shall set off with my family for Yorkshire. Miss Delaunois will accompany us, and I doubt not but you will tell me that she far transcends my description of her. In about a fortnight I shall hope to have the honour of seeing you at Carlton. In the mean time, and at all times, I am, with the greatest respect, your most faithful, &c.

*Nathaniel Morgan.*

*To*

*To Sir George Cofens.*

*My dear and honoured Friend,*

**Y**OUR last letter came in due time to give me consolation, as, the very morning it arrived, my dear wife had exchanged this world for a better. It was a duty I could scarce sustain to consign her remains to earth, but, as it was her last request. I was determined to comply with it. I have also had another task, of a less awful, but very affecting nature, in taking farewell of my little flock, whom I had so long fed, and who loved their shepherd. My last instructions were accompanied with the tears of preacher and people; and, I trust, this testimony of their affection for me, is a forerunner of the reward which I shall receive when I pen my fold for eternity.

The happy prospect of establishing Mr. Cofens is most pleasing to me. The society of a virtuous woman is the best preservative from the contagion of a wicked world; and who knows but this very attachment, which must have commenced soon after his arrival, has proved his antidote

dote against the follies and incautions of his age.

Your offer to pass my remaining life with you, I most gladly accept. I shall take my last leave of this place next week. I shall call on the bishop in my way to you, and leave my resignation with him. He is an excellent man, and my old friend, and I shall be glad to see him once more. I shall trouble you with little but myself; a few pictures and remembrances of worthy persons, now no more will accompany me. What remains at the parsonage I have presented to the pious and excellent man you have appointed to succeed me.

It is a most pleasing idea, amid the affecting circumstances with which I have been surrounded, and from which I am by no means free, to think that we shall pass our closing years, if it shall please God to make them years, together. There is no one in this world I love and honour so much as you and yours, and I have received every possible proof of your friendly regard for me, which this last kindness has fully confirmed.—We shall also possess this comfort, that, as we have both attained three-score years, whoever is left behind will not have long to remain after his friend, but soon follow to the eternal world. But, while we stay in this, may the blessings of it continue to be poured down upon you, and pass, through you, to all around you,  
and



and, among the rest, to your most obliged  
and affectionate

*Thomas Lancaster.*

*To Lady Singleton.*

*Malpletoft Rectory.*

*My dearest Friend,*

**W**HEN you were informed how  
immediately the death of my mo-  
ther followed upon your nuptials, you  
will, I am sure, excuse my having desired  
Miss Morgan to write my congratulations  
for me. They were truly sincere, though  
they proceeded from a very afflicted heart.  
—But of these things we must talk no  
more. The bounty and favour of Provi-  
dence seem to attend us; and it is a part  
of our gratitude to communicate our feel-  
ings to each other.

You know more about me, I find from  
your letter to Miss Morgan, than I know  
about myself. You have certainly proved  
a true prophetess in this great event, but  
not

not in the circumstances of it. I steadily kept the resolution I made, and would have kept it, while the cause of keeping it remained; and the same principle which supported me in it, will, I hope, inspire me with equal zeal to fulfill another species of duty, which will soon be mine. Great preparations are making. Sir George is to leave Mr. Cosens in possession of Carlton, and retires to the manor-house of this place; a wild romantic, and very beautiful situation. However, they will be but as one, since a new road is making between the two places, through a delightful tract of about five miles, without passing off the family estates.—I am to be the object of great generosity on the part of my future uncle.—Do you know, my dear Lady Singleton, that some how or other, I tremble at the prosperity which awaits me!

If the good things of this world can make us happy, we must be so: but they will not do alone, if we do not use them with great and continual prudence. You already know what it is to be united by virtuous love: ere a few days I shall possess the same happy experience as my friend. While I live I shall be yours! but when I write to you again I shall no longer be

*Maria Delaunois.*

To

*To the Lady Dowager Singleton.*

*Carlton Hall—*

**I** RETURN you a thousand thanks, my dear Lady Singleton, for your obliging letter with Mrs Barker's account of the young lady who is to be my future niece. I really thought she had coloured beyond nature, but now I think she has not done her justice. Miss Delaunois paid her first visit to Carlton yesterday, and Jonathan went to escort her from Mr. Morgan's. My old beau of a brother had dressed him in all his best upon the occasion; and when the coach arrived he drew on his gloves, received her at the hall-door, and handed her to the drawing-room, where I was dying with expectation. The moment she entered, I was struck stupid. She was in mourning for her mother, and the concern for her loss not worn off her countenance. When my brother presented her to me, she came forward, and, with a grace not to be described, took my hand and kissed it, and so much was I astonished, that I suffered all this to pass before I snatched her to my arms.

Her

Her behaviour through the whole day was unreserved, but modest and respectful. She was neither silent nor talkative; and when touched the harpsichord and sung, it was Saint Cecilia herself:—in short, she is every-thing she ought to be;—and when she had left us in the evening, my brother, whose solemnity you know is prodigious, was actually engaged in humming a tune and and dancing to it, and I should certainly have seen the old gentleman finish his jig, if I could have kept my countenance. Indeed, here are to be such doings as never were known before. Sir George is absolutely crazy. The Carlton estates are to be given to young people. The house is to be splendidly furnished, while the old furniture, among which is your humble servant, are to be packed off to Mapletost; a dismal croaking kind of a place, about five miles distant.

I had also determined to celebrate this joyful event by founding an hospital in the parish for six old maiden women: and though I was beat out of my purpose, I think it would have been prudent to have persisted in it; as, from the manner of proceeding, the family is in a fair way of being undone, and I should then, at all events, have secured a retreat for myself. I wish, from my heart, that all this business was at an end, and we were once more at rest; for there is nothing from morning to night.



night, but crying and whining, some for joy, and others for gratitude, and so on: so that there never was such a happy, miserable set of people met together since the Flood. In short, every body is out of their right senses; and I laugh every half hour at the simpletons about me. Though your son is but just married, and our nephew has not yet attained that honour would you believe it, that alliances are already making between their future offspring, by my brother and his party? and they are as pleased with the thoughts of it, as if the puppets were before them.

Besides, to compleat the business, we are to go to town after Christmas, to be as foolish and extravagant as the rest of the world; and, above all things, to sit for our pictures. My old fool of a brother must have portraits of his children at Mapletoft; and his children must have the pictures of their uncle and aunt at Carlton, where my ghastly figure is to spoil the finest drawing-room in the county. But this is not all, twenty years hence, or perhaps sooner, I shall be shewn to every-one who comes to see the house, as a lady of the family who was so unfortunate as never to have that delightful thing called an husband, and be pitied by every dirty female who has a gold ring upon her finger. But so it is, Lady Singleton, with all my freedom, I never have a will of my own;—though  
in

in this jaunt, which will, probably, be my last, my inclinations will be highly gratified in the pleasure of seeing you, which has ever been, and ever will be, a very acknowledged satisfaction to, your affectionate friend,

*Catharine Cosens.*

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